

Opera House.

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Opera House.

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

“You’re ok’y, Dream,” he whispers out with drowsiness to adorn his voice,
“I’ve told you I liked it.”

Humming, Dream lets his hands fall to pale thighs, allowing himself to squeeze the fat hard enough to draw a pretty gasp from the man above. Sleep still whispers for their names, drawing them in with painted strokes.

“I know that.”

Or, Dream wakes up his sleeping boyfriend after being needy and desperate, and George is more than happy to please his desires.

Notes

i hate it here /lh. I've been so conflicted to post this, deleted it once bc i cried and just...idk fucking take it or whatever here bye.

anyway, enjoy !! ily all lmao

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Maybe it was wrong—though, in hindsight, their boundaries prove otherwise.

Dream knew George would be okay with this, knew he didn't mind being touched so intimately while he's asleep, and Dream is *oh-so-wanting*. Because they've talked about it before, just barely crossing over what they like and what they dislike during sex.

As it turned out, *George actually found it arousing to be touched when he's asleep*. And Dream isn't in denial about knowing this. It just felt like, deep down, George had lied to him about it and that what Dream is about to do was morally wrong on all levels. But Dream's doubtlessly hard, needy above all things, and he just can't stop himself from rutting up against George's ass as he tries to stifle the tiny breaths of want.

Haphazardly, Dream presses up against the curve of his boyfriend's behind, resting his forehead against the brown waves that adorn the back of George's head. It's the middle of the night, and Dream's dumb little head had decided to create a fake reality of that being about George blowing him off.

Indisputably, it was hot. And now he has to deal with the consequences of said dream.

"If you ever... wake up, uh, hard," Dream remembers George's hesitant words as if they were spoken yesterday, *"you're free to like, use me? I dunno how to put it, but I like being touched and used while I'm asleep."*

The idioms were fucking implanted in Dream's head, practically giving him the go-ahead to have free reign of George's sleeping body. Even so, he's still nervous. And maybe it's to blame on the utter need that courses through his veins, leisurely trickling spikes of white-hot arousal that compel him to grind his hips forward. But whatever it is, it vastly overpowers the blaring alarms that reverberate off the walls of Dream's brain because *George said he liked it*.

Every minuscule thrust, every flash of heat that drips like honey, dares to coax an indigent whine from the depths of Dream's throat. His hands curl around the soft flesh of George's bony hip, the palm big compared to the rest of the other's body.

That alone has Dream trying to pull George back in time with small movements.

A soft whimper falls past Dream's lips, immediately being muffled as he presses his face deeper into the forest of brown. Barely audible, rhonchial sounds are creeping past the sleeping boy's mouth, making everything feel dirtier, more lascivious than it already is. And Dream has to keep telling himself that George is okay with it, that he's not going to wake up, slap Dream across the face, and yell out profanities.

The undeniable pleasure is sent to Dream's brain with every risqué rub of his cock against George's ass, masses of dopamine filtering out as everything starts to become addicting. He's so needy, hates himself for feeling as much. And he knows if he were to see himself in the mirror, how utterly fucking red his face would be. How crimson rushed to his cheeks in fleets of desirable arousal that floats through his bloodstream and coats his skin in rose-colored polish.

It's embarrassing, downright pathetic. And even though deplorable actions have him panting, sleep still swaddling his entire being, Dream couldn't find it in him to care.

He ruts up against George's ass, chases red arousal like a cat to a mouse. Through the thin fabric of grey boxer briefs, Dream can feel every drag as if it's his final testimony, wanting this to be his last wish before he departs from plant earth and plummets to hell. His chest is heaving, eyes closed as he allows himself to be blanketed by the titillation of sexual needs—by George. And he can't help the small whimpers the fall into the forest of George's hair.

A hand presses harder into the clothed curve of George's hip, pulling him impossibly closer as a sea of hopeful want drowns out Dream's mind until he's whimpering pathetically.

Every drag of his cock atop the arch of plushness has him reduced to a mess, sleepy and untuned with himself to care about his noises being a pitch too loud. It's hot and unashamed, flaring every frayed end of nerves with dispelled intentions. A plethora of clouded lust blurs every irrational thought held up in Dream's brain until it's nothing but a minuscule of something looked over, something decidable and entirely ignored.

It's a beautiful mess of muffled moans, dirty as if it's a secret to be locked up and thrown into the sea, and all Dream can think about is *George, George, George*; all he wants is *George*.

And Dream knows he can have him, knows he can fuck into George whenever he wants, however he wants because he has the consent splattered on a silver plate of desire. It's been fed to Dream so long ago, and he happily ate up with wicked intent.

George stirs in his sleep. Dream halts, letting the pretty pleasure run away from him as his boyfriend hums and barely pushes back on his dick. It has Dream nuzzling his nose into the crook of George's neck, swatting away the urge to bite and pull at the pale skin with ivory teeth until it's a sick color of mulberry. When his movements still, George falling back to sleep, Dream rolls his hips forward again.

His cock is pulsing, leaking precum that he can feel staining the front of filthy boxers that Dream is beginning to get tired of. With hesitant movements, Dream flees his hand that rested on the dip of pretty hips to pull down the elastic of his underwear just enough to free his dick from the annoying restraints. Dream shivers from the coldness of his palm, digging his thumb into the slit with barely enough pressure to be pleasurable.

Lifting his head from George's neck, Dream peers down to where the head of his cock hardly presses against the backs of small thighs. Then, for a moment, he stills, contemplating his decisions for only a few seconds before quietly shuffling down.

The tip is glistening with slick precum, barely seen if it wasn't for the moonlight that peaks through bedroom windows. Dream runs himself over the back of George's closed thighs with shy movements, spreading slick over paper-based skin—it would have to do for the lack of lube—before pushing in. A stuttered breath leaves his lips, pressing his forehead to the middle of George's back.

He feels dirty, guilt laying over his heart as he lets himself be wrapped in the fat of pretty thighs that he adores so much. It coaxes a whimper from the depths of his chest, squeezing his eyes shut as he sinks to the hilt, hips flush with thighs.

Everything feels so good; *George feels so good*. And Dream can't deny himself of it any longer.

Dragging his hips away, Dream latches onto George's side again, teasing the head of his cock at the backs of pretty-pale before diving in again. It's soft, tedious, and oh-so-careful. He uses callous strokes, never daring to increase his pace even though everything in his body tells him to chase what he's ever wanted in this world: pure-blooded pleasure.

With a lovely moan, low and from pits of his chest, Dream fucks George's thighs at a cautious speed. "Fuck, Georgie," he whimpers into the shirt draping over a small back. It's pathetically submissive, lost in the sea of want, "Feels so good...."

George stirs once more, but Dream doesn't notice. Doesn't notice how George is pressing back against him, pushing his thighs together weakly to make it feel so much better; *he doesn't notice how George is half-awake.*

A whimper is coaxed out of the supposedly sleeping man at the feeling of Dream's cock thrusting lazily between his thighs, spreading slick precum between them with every drag. And again, Dream doesn't notice it—he can't notice it when he's too caught up in his head chasing sex-driven lust painted red with pretty desire.

George is awake. Pleated sleep still paints in his bones, but the newfound pulse between his thighs thrusting so needily has him failing to fall back to rest. Small, choked moans are vibrated somewhere on his back, a lazy smile slipping onto his face as he tries to fight off the drowsiness.

"So fucking good," Dream whines again, movements becoming sloppy and inconsistent as he's driven close to the edge.

Everything stops, however, when George mumbled a quiet, "Yeah?"

It's almost laughable how quick Dream is to pull his cock from the confinements of George's thighs, pushing back disparity to choke out embarrassed stutters. "G-George? Fuck, 'm so sorry. I should've gone to the bathroom instead, but I—"

A tender laugh is woven with strands of sleep as George turns over, pushing Dream to lay on his back as he tiredly shifts to straddle the needy boy's body. Small hands ball up on the bareness of Dream's torso, the light of the moon casting a luminous shine to George's face. His hair is messy, tufts of brown skewed and all over the place, falling into the pretty eyes that are hooded with leftover sleep.

"You're ok'y, Dream," he whispers out with drowsiness to adorn his voice, "I've told you I liked it."

Humming, Dream lets his hands fall to pale thighs, allowing himself to squeeze the fat hard enough to draw a pretty gasp from the man above. Sleep still whispers for their names, drawing them in with painted strokes.

"I know that."

George rolls his hips, the plushness of his ass dragging against a still hard cock being enough to have Dream rolling his eyes to the back of his head as a quiet moan slips past his lips. He lets his hands ride up, resting them where George's thighs connect to his hips and squeezes. Thumbs dig into fabric-covered skin, probably hard enough to leave bruises if he isn't careful.

Umber eyes, tired above all things, bore down at him, pink lips parted in a quiet whimper. "Do you wanna fuck me?" George draws out, pretty silk stitched in the lovely prose of his voice.

The soft whine that falls from Dream's throat is embarrassingly high, but it answers the question. Dainty hands slip up the canvas of his torso as George leans down, pressing his lips against Dream's with no hesitation. The kiss is laborious, lead with no indirection of forcefulness; soft and forgiving. It blankets Dream's head with comfort, allowing himself to slip even farther into a drowsy need that George seems to impress as well.

George rolls his hips again, a muffled whimper being swallowed by his mouth as Dream slides his hands underneath his shirt. Everything about the moment is dripping with sugary syrup, swelling with sleepy intentions, only allowing for both of them to fall into an easy rhythm with their mouths.

A tongue licks its way inside of Dream's mouth, neither of them awake enough to establish who has power over who. Because right now, in the night of the moon that slips through the window, they could care less about power, rather wanting to chase their arousal with tenfolds of projected pleasure. All they care about is each other until the earth ends.

Parting, George leans back to pull his shirt over his head, letting Dream get a view of a body he's seen a million times before. Tossing the fabric to the side, he stretches his legs to draw his underwear down, pulling them off with an awkward struggle before throwing them away as well. He leans over, reaching to the bedside table to rummage for a well-loved bottle of lube.

"You wanna do it?" he asks, words slurred.

Dream doesn't hesitate to take the bottle from him, wrapping long fingers around the length. Then, gently, he flips them over, George's hair sprawling out perfectly against white pillows as Dream settles between his propped legs.

The *click* of the lube cap is echoed through the room, Dream groggily pouring a generous amount on his fingers. He coats three of them with the cold substance, flicking the top closed before setting it to the side for later use. Then, dipping his hand down, he circles a middle finger around the fluttering entrance of George's hole, letting his eyes fall across a pretty face as he slowly presses in, sinking to the second knuckle and then to the hilt.

A whimper floats past parted lips, the sound ringing a beautiful melody of noises. Dream has them memorized in his head, knows every sweetly sick song of the other. And he loves them all—loves them more knowing they're coaxed from him.

"So pretty, baby," Dream whispers, curling his finger inside of George before pulling out and pushing right back in.

The praise piles onto the growing arousal in George's gut, his cock twitching on his stomach from the implications of Dream's words. Precum is gathered in a slick pool beneath the tip, only growing bigger with every pulse. Dream drags his finger out, pushes back in with the same force that has George's eyes fluttering shut.

It's not enough—one finger was never going to be enough. But it has George moaning out soft sounds that encourage Dream to speed his movements into something he knew George likes. The moonlight casts over George's face, making him appear more impeccable than he already is, littering grey over pale features that are adorned with a pink tint on his cheeks. He looks so fucking *pretty*, and it has Dream falling in love with him all over again.

Coquettish pleas of *more* are drawn from the hollow of George's throat, and Dream doesn't hesitate to deliver.

He lines up his ring finger next to his middle, pushing in with a stretch that George is used to feeling. Dream curls them, pulls them apart, twists them in a way that has George in a state of bliss, moaning out his boyfriend's name in an arrangement of flowers. They only get louder when the pads of his fingers brush over a bundle of nerves that could have George seeing stars.

Dream makes it a priority to adjust his movements to have them hitting that spot over and over and over. To have cute moans fusing with the subtle tiredness that runs through their veins. He makes

it a priority to make George feel *so good* just from his fingers.

Twisting them inside, he hits George's prostate dead on with every thrust. Whimpers are falling past pretty lips that invite Dream to kiss him, have those perfect sounds swallowed by his mouth. So he does. He leans down and presses his lips against George's in the breathless plea of tender love. It's a kiss that George can't keep up with; between the fingers jabbing at his prostate and a mouth that kisses him so well, he just couldn't help but carelessly move his lips. But it seemed as if Dream didn't mind.

He's stretched open by two of Dream's fingers in scissoring motions, fingertips grazing along the sensitive walls as they turn inside of him in a way he's used to but always surprised by. The sheer pace of them has him openly moaning into Dream's mouth, pressing harder in a desperate plea of *more, I need more.*

"Dream," he whines, breath faint, "please, I want more. Give me more."

And Dream delivers, pushing his index finger past the rim of George's ass. Chaste kisses are planted on his moaning mouth, distracting him from the burning sensation of the stretch that always seems to stay no matter how many times he's fucked open by Dream. His cock is twitching, pleasure wracking through his tiny body from how *big* Dream's fingers felt inside of him, splitting him open so fucking well.

Though it's still consistent and precise, the pace is sloppy, hitting his prostate with every thrust in and dragging so good with every pull out. Quite simply, it has George spinning, his mind mixing with the hazy need of want and sleep. And he knows no matter how good it feels, no matter how *full* he is, nothing compares to the drag of Dream's stupidly large cock thrusting inside of him—and he also knows that it's to be next.

He wants it—*he needs it.* He needs to be full of Dream's cock until he's a blubbering mess of petty moans and whines, needs Dream to fulfill every desire that coils in his gut, needs Dream to make him come, make him scream out his name with pleated red-roses.

"Fuck me," he pants against Dream's lips.

"Do you think you're ready?"

"Yes—fuck, Dream. Yes, please," George begs, feeling like he'll die if Dream's cock isn't shoved deep into him until he can't think. "Fuck me. Fuck me, please."

Dream curses as he pulls his hand out, wiping the excess lube on the sheets—they'll wash them after they're done. The bottle of lube is grabbed up, uncapping the lid, and pouring it onto his cock. It's cold, making a shiver run up Dream's spine as he lathers it all over himself, shivering into his fist with a soft moan as he lets himself relish in the moment of his hand gliding over the more sensitive parts of his body. That is, until George whines out, reminding Dream of the task at hand.

Laughing, he re-caps the bottle, throwing it to the side as he fixes his placement between George's bent legs. For a second, he locks gazes with George's tired eyes, finding him to be the prettiest of all things good in the world. It's tender, sweet, and Dream throws a smile in his direction.

"You're so beautiful, George," he whispers, letting his thoughts be voiced aloud.

George rolls his eyes with playful intentions, failing to fight the grin that shows on his face. "Yeah, yeah," he mutters, "just fuck me already."

Dream lines his cock up with George's hole, catching the tip on his fluttering rim, begging to

swallow Dream in a tight hold of heat. He pushes in, moaning softly at the tightness that envelops him fully, and so does George.

It's pretty, laced with thick strings of want as Dream slowly etches his way inside. And it should be a sin how perfect his boyfriend is, crying out obscenities as he sinks to the hilt, pressing his hips flush to George's ass. His hands find their way sliding up the inside of pale arms, interlocking with dainty fingers, and pushing them down in the mattress as he lets his head fall to the crook of George's neck.

"F-Fuck," George whimpers out pathetically, "so full... fuck 'm so full, Dream."

The man on top shivers at his words, hips finding mobility within seconds. Dream pulls out until the head catches on the rim of George's fluttering hole, teasing him before thrusting back in.

George's hands squeeze tight around the much bigger ones, his head thrown back in a loud moan that has Dream doing it again and again and again. His own groans of satisfaction are muffled by the pale expanse he pushes his head into, lips pressing tenderly on pretty, unmarked skin as he whimpers.

"Harder," George cries beautifully, "go harder, please, Dream."

And who would Dream be to deny such a request?

Snapping his hips forward, he fucks into George at a harder pace, hips never quickening but the slap of skin is harsh in his ears. It has George moaning louder and louder, cries becoming more strained as he clenches around Dream. And Dream isn't any better himself. Low whimpers are muffled by pale skin, feeling George's cock twitch from where it's trapped between their stomachs. It's everything loving and more.

Hands are squeezing tighter together, almost hurting if it weren't for the pleasure that overrides all other senses. The creak of the bed echoes through the room, drowned by sex-driven moans. The headboard bangs on the wall from the severity of Dream's thrusts, probably hard enough to leave dents. Breathy pants are soaked up by pale skin, the feeling of George around Dream's cock making him so unbelievably wrecked and wanting more. And he takes more. He takes more because he knows George will let him.

"I love your cock," George babbles, broken and unashamed above all things. "Fuck, I love your cock so much. You fill me up so—fuck—so well."

The praise seeps into Dream's skin with sears of hot ash burning the flesh up in one flick. And it only encourages him to fuck George harder, make the bed creak with a loudness they don't care to hear.

Then, George is begging. "Choke me. Please, Dream. Choke me."

Pulling up from George, Dream unravels a hand from pretty fingers, letting it curl around the unmarked canvas of George's neck. He pushes down on the carotids, loving the hitch of breath he could feel beneath his palm.

He watches how George's eyes roll to the back of his head, how his teeth scrape at his bottom lip. It's all so addicting, and it makes Dream speed up the pace of his hips, his cock dragging in all the right places and in all the right movements. Dream fucking *adores* how wrecked George is—and how he gets even more wrecked when he adds a supple amount of pressure to his throat.

All in all, Dream is probably way too in love than he should be. But he doesn't mind it; being in

love with George is something he'll always be proud of. And when the day comes, he couldn't wait to boast to the world about how such a beautiful man could be all his to adore.

He lets his hand up, favoring the lovely prose of his name caught on George's tongue. It's perfect in every aspect of the world.

"I wanna ride you," George says, breathy and oh-so-pretty.

Dream doesn't hesitate to pull out, doesn't hesitate to flop back on the bed and pull George on top of his lap. George reaches around, grabbing onto Dream's cock and guiding it to his ass before he sinks to the hilt. He presses his palms into the other's chest, nails clawing at the skin and leaving scratches in the shape of his name in perfect crimson.

Lifting, George moans at the drag of Dream's cock inside him before dropping back down. He droops his head, brown strands falling in front of his face as he repeats the same motions, letting himself be so fucking full of Dream.

In the sheer moonlight of the night that slips through the window, Dream almost swears he has Aphrodite upon his lap, moaning ever-so-beautifully with dark lusted sex dripping from every vocalized sound. It's so fucking pretty, and George swallows him perfectly.

Pleased whimpers fall from Dream's mouth, looking up at his boyfriend, who rides him so well. "George," he moans, hands flying out to rest upon pale hips, "fuck—god fuck, you're so good for me. So fucking pretty."

"Yeah?" George breathes out, cock slapping against his stomach with every drop of his ass. "You feel so amazing inside of me, Dream," he cuts off with a gasp, "I'll never get enough of it—never."

Dream groans, pushing George down in time with his bounces. He thrusts upward, sounding out louder moans that seep under his skin like poison, swaddling his entire pathetic being with the essence of *George*. Everything screams his name throughout the ridges of his brain, embedding him deeper in his flesh, making it impossible for him to ever live without George in his life.

Barely, the slightest bulge of his cock could be seen from George's stomach, his eyes falling to the imprint.

"Holy shit," Dream moans, "I can see myself in your stomach, baby." He slides a hand to the pale surface, *feeling* the way his cock disappears and then reappears once again.

"Y-You're big, Dream," George gasps, every prod to his prostate pushing him closer to the edge of his orgasm. "You're so fucking big—feels so good in me."

Everything blurs, sleepiness lifting from the incredulous haze, the lust driving out every puny desire. Whimpers from both Dream and George fill the air, George's becoming more high-strung with every bounce. His cock slaps against his skin, strings of precum wetting a patch of the paleness with a sickening sheen. Every nerve in his body is threatening to burn into ashes, every jab to that bundle of nerves feeling so fucking good.

Dream isn't any better. George clenches around his cock, the tight heat becoming even tighter in some way.

George leans back, props his palms on Dream's thighs, and just fucks himself down on the girth inside of him. And his words for earlier are factual—he'll *never* get enough of Dream's cock, never get tired of how it fills him up in ways nobody else can manage to do. He'll never fucking get enough of Dream, his tender love, his smile, his laugh—his everything; George doesn't think

he'll be able to go on without Dream by his side.

White-hot flashes of lust spike through George's body, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as he bounces without forgiveness. His jaw goes lax, tongue lolling out as he's swept up by pure want. Thighs shake without intending to do so, his movements becoming sloppy and inconsistent until he's moaning Dream's name, strings of white shooting out from his cock as his orgasm hit him at full force.

He can't help the way he falls forward, utterly limp as Dream takes over, wrapping his arms around his tiny body and fucking into him to chase his own orgasm. Petals of overstimulation blanket over George's skin with each unintentional thrust to his prostate, making him whine uncharacteristically loud.

"I'm c-close," Dream gasps out, whimpering into George's ear.

"Cum—cum for me, Dream. Please cum for me."

George's words push Dream over the edge. He plummets to hell, dragging George along with him as he spills inside, movements sloppy while he fucks himself through his orgasm. It's a spiral of moans and whimpers that trail off to breathy pants, hips completely stopping as he's milked by George's ass for what his cock is worth.

He hates to pull out, lose the heat that warms his cock up so well. Groaning out a "Fuck," Dream lifts George's tired body from his own, putting him down gently. "You okay?"

A wide grin sprawls across George's face, a tired giggle fleeting from his lips. "Yeah, I'm okay." It's all sweet like honey, the loving stares. "That was really nice."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

With a smile, Dream leans down and kisses George with saccharine tangles of intimate love. "I love you," he whispers, "I love you so much."

"And I love you more," George whispers back. "But come on, let's get the sheets washed, yeah? Maybe watch a movie while we wait?"

Groaning, Dream pulls back as George laughs at him. They gather the sheets once throwing on fresh clothes, tossing the lube back in the top drawer of the nightstand to be used again. George giggles out a "*You're such an idiot*" when Dream trips over their shoes at the end of the bed, rolling his eyes in a playful resistance as he bunches the sheets into his arms.

It a natural routine, soft and domestic, and for a moment, there's a thought that runs across Dream's mind that has him smiling like a madman as he starts the washing machine. It's a thought that brings him comfort, knowing in his heart that it's the right thing to do, that he knows George is his forever.

So during their movie, when George is dozed off on his chest, Dream's phone is open to a vast majority of wedding rings.

He's going to marry this man.

End Notes

kudos/comments are cool but not required

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